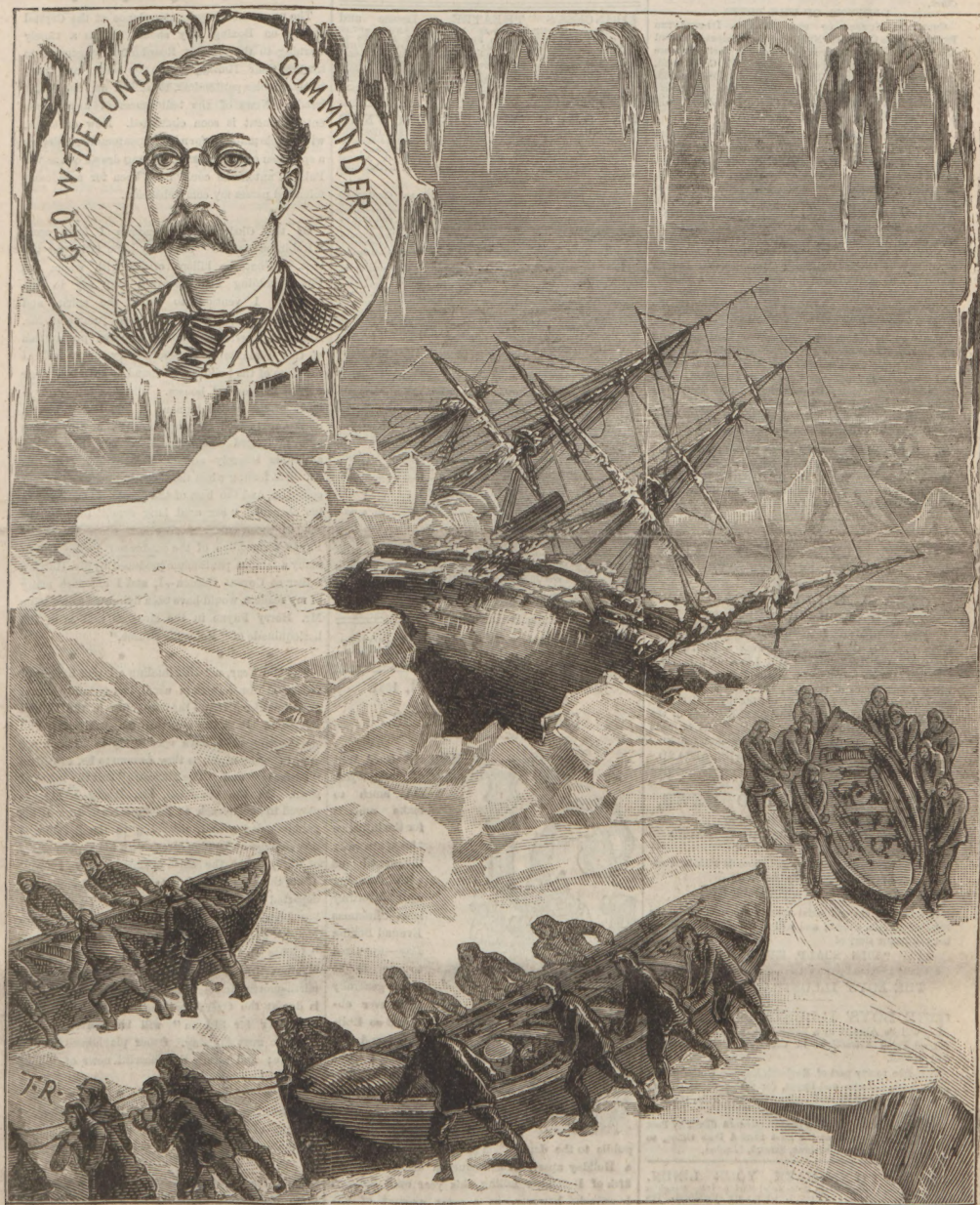


ILLUSTRATED PAPER

AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.



FATE OF THE ARCTIC EXPLORING SHIP JEANNETTE.
[SEE THE STORY OF MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT'S POLAR EXPEDITION.]

Number of *Harper's*, Mr. Hatton, while giving a lifelike portrait of Mr. Herbert Ingram, as founder of *The Illustrated London News*, credits his youngest son (as present bagging his game in South Africa), with the present direction of that journal, instead of Mr. William Ingram, the actual Manager, and one who has, for upwards of ten years and more, done much to brighten and improve the first of illustrated newspapers. I am certain no one will regret this regrettable oversight more deeply than the collaborators of Mr. William Ingram portrayed in *Harper's*.

A Happier New Year.

PHILIP.

Jews in a Nutshell.

THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE QUEEN had a Christmas-tree at Osborne on Christmas Eve, and, assisted by Princess Beatrice and the Marquis of Lorne, distributed gifts to the children attending Whippingham School, as drawn in our front illustration last week. The Queen, with Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold, and the Marquis of Lorne, attended Divine service at Whippingham church on Christmas morning. The Rev. Canon Prothero, M.A., officiated.

The annual Christmas distribution of beef to the labourers on the Royal estate took place last Saturday afternoon in the presence of the Prince of Wales. On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, attended Divine service in Sandringham church. The Rev. F. Hervey, M.A., Rector of Sandringham and private chaplain to the Prince and Princess of Wales, officiated and preached. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess and the young Princesses attended Divine service at Newton church. The Rev. F. Hervey officiated, assisted by the Rev. T. Calliphronus.

It is stated that her Majesty's ship *Bacchante*, with the two sons of the Prince of Wales on board, after visiting Ceylon, will probably proceed home, via the Suez Canal.

A Paris telegram states that Queen Victoria has forwarded £50 to Madame Adam for the fund for the relief of the victims of the Vienna catastrophe and the recent Channel shipwrecks.

BOXING-DAY BANK HOLIDAY

was rigidly observed both in the metropolis and the provinces. The weather was not propitious, but thousands of persons took trips by railway out of London, and the suburban roads were thronged with vehicular traffic. Several thousand persons visited the British Museum, and upwards of 15,000 were admitted to the Snake and Abdomen Exhibition, during the day. About 1200 visited Windsor Castle, and 6000 the Tower of London. In the evening large numbers of persons visited the theatres, and the streets adjacent to them presented quite a lively appearance. There was a falling off in the attendance at the Crystal Palace as compared with former years, the total number of persons visiting it being 32,000. At the Alexandra only 10,000 passed the turnstiles. The suburban racetracks were also well patronised. The usual Christmas dinner party at the Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich, took place on Monday instead of on Christmas Day, as customary. About 170 out of the 208 patients set down to the repast, those who were unable to leave their beds not being forgotten.

THE HOME SECRETARY

has replied to the petitions and memorials for a remission of the sentences passed upon the imprisoned brewers. Sir W. Harcourt regrets that he is unable to find such reasons as would justify him in advising the Crown to interfere with the sentences.

We publish in another column an important

LETTER FROM MR. CHAMBERLAIN defending the adoption by the Government of a policy of coercion in Ireland. The right hon. gentleman says he shares in the full responsibility attaching to the action of the Government in Ireland. The state of that country is not, he thinks, without hopeful signs. He is convinced that the great majority of the people would settle down to the enjoyment of their new rights if they were relieved from the fear

of secret violence, and it is the duty and will be the object of the Government to give them all the protection which the resources of the State can supply. An announcement of some interest as bearing upon the hopeful view taken by Mr. Chamberlain is made. It is stated that the Government have dispatched

AN OFFICER TO THE SOUTH OF IRELAND

to collect the various detachments of military quartered in several of the country districts for some months past, with a view to their immediate return to the Curragh. This step has been taken in consequence of the absence of disturbance in the districts in question, which include Listowel, North Kerry, Cork, Malloy, and Kilmallock.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON

has published the letters he had the honour to address to the Prime Minister describing the programme of the Property Defence Association of Ireland, and the action he proposed to take in the matter. Mr. Whitaker Ellis still insists that there was more than tacit permission to him to take such steps as he deemed necessary to aid the Association, and he asserts that if Mr. Gladstone's advice at the outset had been not to interfere he should not have proceeded further. "A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still."

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA

has issued a decree directing the purchase from his private purse of the site of the Ring Theatre, on which a chapel is to be raised and a building dedicated to Vienna charities.

AT THE CHRISTMAS RECEPTION OF CARDINALS, on Saturday, the Pope referred to his position as becoming more and more intolerable. It was, said his Holiness, incompatible with the dignity of the Holy See; but he expected far more persecution, and would endeavour to "guide the barque of St. Peter through the troubled sea that lay before the Church, bearing forward to the moment when God would calm the tempest and command the elements to be still."

VISCOUNT HELMSLEY,

eldest son of the Earl of Feversham, has just died at Madeira. A vacancy is thus caused in the Parliamentary representation of the North Riding of Yorkshire.

MR. O'DONOVAN.

For "speaking of the Sultan in insulting terms," Mr. O'Donovan, the special correspondent of the *Daily News*, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Lordufferin has secured the release of the plucky Special who penitented to Mort.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

Miss Reynolds, a member of the Ladies' Land League, has been removed to Cork, there to suffer a month's imprisonment for refusing to give bail for her good behaviour.

On Saturday the prisoners arrested on the great seizure of arms and ammunition in Dublin were again brought up at the Southern Division Police Court in that city, when the boy Whelan was discharged, while the other three prisoners, in addition to being charged with being in possession of arms and ammunition in a prohibited district, and with conspiring to distribute arms amongst disloyal subjects, were also accused of being in possession of property, knowing it to have been stolen. Evidence was given that certain of the arms had belonged to the War Department, and had never been sold out.

The last interesting and important part of the case, however, was the reading of a few lines from a book that was seized along with the war material. One entry was, "Appointed treasurer of the executive of the I.R.B.;" another was, "Introduced by — to —, to whom I gave the position of A.B. in the organisation, with power to work among his friends in the district;" and another was in reference to a meeting, "to consider the advisability of sending — to America to see our chief, James Stephens."

The connection of the prisoners with the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and with Stephens as its chief, have, however, seemed to be clear, and the appointment of a person as an "A.B." to work among his friends no doubt refers to the system by which this conspiracy spreads itself over Ireland and endeavours to prepare the discontented for insurrection.

THREE ATLANTIC STEAMERS

are so long overdue at their destinations in America that they are given up for lost. They are the City of London, which left London on Nov. 13; the Lord Byron, from Hamburg, on Nov. 23, both for New York; and the Henry Edye, from Antwerp for Boston, on Nov. 21.

THE HOSTILE FEELING AGAINST THE JEWS IN WARSAW.

arising out of a Jew having cried out "Fire!" and thus caused a fatal panic in a church, has developed into serious rioting. Many shops and houses occupied by Jews have been sacked, and the police in several cases helped to plunder the drap-shops. Six hundred persons have been arrested, and the city is in a most excited state.

REVOLUTION IN HAVTI—150 MEN KILLED.

According to a despatch received in New York from Havana, a report has reached that place of a revolutionary movement at Saint Mary, Hayti, which was only suppressed after fighting, in which 150 men were killed.

THE LOST BALLOON.

Nothing could be done on Saturday or Sunday last in the search for Mr. Powell and the balloon on account of the rough sea. On Monday morning four boats, each with four men and grappling irons, began systematic dredging operations under the superintendence of Mr. H. Good, Lloyd's agent, who has stated from the first that he saw the balloon pitch in the sea. They started from the spot indicated by Mr. Good, and are going seaward in the direction which the balloon is supposed to have taken. The men were paid at the rate of 10s. a day, in addition to the reward if successful.

BOILER EXPLOSION—LOSS OF FOUR LIVES.

A boiler explosion, resulting in the loss of four lives, occurred last Monday evening on the railway between Middlesbrough and Stockton. A mineral train was standing on the line near the Erimus Steel Works, waiting for another mineral train to pass, when the boiler of the engine burst. The boiler was blown over the van in front and six waggons. The engine-driver and fireman, both married men, living at Darlington, the guard of the mineral train, who was in the van at the time of the explosion, and a man named Wales were killed; and another man named Watson was not expected to live.

REPRIEVE OF CONDEMNED SOLDIERS.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has commuted the sentence of death passed at the Dublin Assizes upon Private Northmore, 10th Regiment, and Private Woodhead, 76th Regiment, for the murder of Private Humphrey, bandsman of the King's Own Royal Rifles, at the Curragh, to penal servitude for life.

Chat-Chat.

M. WILFRID DE FONVILLE, the well-known Paris aeronaut, who is at present on a visit to London, informs me that he has no doubt that the balloon seen to pass over Santander, in Spain, is a French meteorological balloon.

THE USUAL CHRISTMAS BOAT'S HEAD ceremony took place on Monday at Queen's College, Oxford. There was a procession to the vault, the choir singing as the dish was borne along. Large numbers of spectators were present.

MR. SPURGEON, who for the past six weeks has been staying at Mentone on account of his health, has returned to London, and preached on Sunday morning and evening in the Tabernacle.

ALL ENGLISHMEN and most Americans will be glad to learn that Mr. Lowell is to remain as American Minister in this country during the rest of President Arthur's Administration.

MR. GRENVILLE MURRAY, the author of "The Member for Paris," and other works, and well known as a frequent contributor to the newspaper and periodical press, died at Paris on the 20th inst.

"OUIDA" will shortly appear before the public as a dramatist.

GENERAL BERTHAUT, formerly French Minister of War under the Dufaure Cabinet, died last Sunday evening, at the age of sixty-four, regretted by all who knew him.

BOOTH'S THEATRE, at New York, has been sold for 550,000 dollars, and will be converted into shops. Mr. Booth spent a million and a half in building it, and sank a fortune in it. It was sold when he became bankrupt in 1875 for 300,000 dollars.

MR. JOSEPH RAFFERTY, master of the Leighton Buzzard Union House, and formerly Sergeant-Major in the 24th Foot, has just been awarded by the War Department, with the approval of the Queen, a silver medal and an annuity of £15, in recognition of his long and meritorious service in the 24th, including participation in the Kaffir war and Abyssinian campaign.

GERMAN EMIGRATION in the year 1882 promises to become even greater than in the year now closing. Already about 14,000 tickets have been taken by vessels leaving Bremen alone in the early spring for the United States.

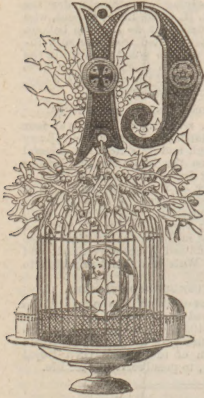
CAPTAIN R. F. BURTON and Commander W. L. Cameron are about to undertake a journey of exploration in the country lying at the back of the Gold Coast Colony, and the Council of the Geographical Society have accorded them a loan of instruments to enable them to make scientific observations.

THE "LIVERPOOL DAILY POST" ANNUAL CONVERSATION AND BALL.

The staffs of the literary and commercial departments of the *Daily Post* held their annual conversations and ball on evening of Friday week, in the Metropole Hall, Handman-street. A numerous company of ladies and gentlemen partook of a dinner. After the usual loyal toast had been proposed by Mr. E. R. Russell, the proprietor, and responded to, Mr. E. A. Mason, of the literary department, proposed in felicitous terms the toast of "Success to the *Daily Post*." Mr. Russell then, in a speech, alluded to the names of the proprietors, Mr. E. R. Russell and Mr. A. G. Jeans, both of whom responded, and spoke of the increasing success and prosperity of the papers they were united the "we hours" of the management. Reasonable sociability of this kind seems to be studiously avoided by the majority of the Conductors of London newspapers.

Our Illustrations.

THE LATE GEORGE STREET.



admirable photograph by Mr. Charles Watkins, now of Torriana-avenue, Camden-road.

Mr. Street was yet another victim to the overwork which has killed, and is still killing, hosts of talented Englishmen who might have rendered nobler services to their native land had they not been spared by circumstances from overtaxing their faculties. The distinguished Architect was seized with paralysis on Thursday, Dec. 15, and died on Sunday night, Dec. 18, at a quarter past ten, at his house, 14, Cavendish-place.

Mr. Street was born at Woodford, Essex, in 1824, and was educated at the Collegiate School, Camberwell. His architectural studies were begun under Mr. Owen Carter at Winchester, and completed under the late Sir George Gilbert Scott, with whom he remained five years. Like his master, Mr. Street adopted the Gothic style in the buildings he erected, and the numerous essays and lectures which he has written upon architecture have been directed to illustrate the history and principles, and promote the progress, of that style. His principal literary works are "The Brick and Marble Architecture of North Italy in the Middle Ages," 1855, and "Some Account of Gothic Architecture in Spain," 1855. Mr. Street has for many years been largely engaged in the work of erecting and restoring churches and other ecclesiastical buildings throughout the country.

In London Mr. Street's reputation will mainly rest upon the handsome Courts of Justice, in the Strand, now approaching completion. Mr. Street was a Fellow of the Institute of Architects, of which he has been vice-president, and a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries and of other societies. In 1866 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and was advanced to be a Royal Academician on June 29, 1871. He was also a member of the Imperial and Royal Academy of the Fine Arts at Vienna and a Knight of the Legion of Honour. At last week's meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects, of which the late Mr. Street was president, several of the Fellows made feeling reference to the loss that body had just sustained in the death of the president.

THE ARCTIC STORY OF THE JEANNETTE.

The brotherly feeling of good-fellowship roused between the United States and Great Britain by the Queen's prompt sympathy with the widow of President Garfield has unmistakably called forth a warmer interest in the news respecting the fate of the Arctic Exploration Ship dispatched by the most enterprising Newspaper Proprietor in the World, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, at whose instigation Mr. H. M. Stanley discovered Dr. Livingstone. It was two years ago last July that Mr. James Gordon Bennett fitted out at great expense and dispatched the hapless ship, which had been lost to sight and knowledge for nearly thirty months. There was here an interval of

time long enough to allow for notable discoveries and, perhaps, even for a crowning success. Nothing had been omitted to secure this; and, if the votaries of geographical science trembled at the long silence which prevailed as to

THE FATE OF THE JEANNETTE, they were also full of secret hope that she might herself bring us word at once of her safety and her triumph. Unhappily, it is a tale of suffering and disaster which must henceforth be associated with her name. On Sept. 14 last three natives of a village

near the mouth of the River Lena, in Siberia, espied a large boat containing eleven strangers, who announced that they were part of the crew of the Jeannette. She had been surrounded and

CRUSHED BY ICE ON JUNE 23 LAST,

near the Siakove Islands, which lie north of the mouth of the Lena. The ship's company quitted their vessel in three boats, which soon became separated by violent winds and thick fogs. The boat which had arrived and received succour was com-



THE LATE MR. GEORGE STREET, R.A.

manded by Mr. Melville, the chief engineer. A second boat appears to have brought its crew in safety to the river mouth. But the third, containing

CAPTAIN DE LONG,

the doctor of the ship, and twelve sailors, seems to have been arrested by floating ice off the eastern entrance of the Lena, at a time when these unfortunate people were suffering severely from frost-bite and in a "fearful condition." Profound anxiety must be felt for the fate of these gallant gentlemen and their companions. Assistance has, no doubt, been sent in their direction by the Russian authorities and the natives, but we may too surely expect to hear a cruel account of their experiences, even if any of the party be rescued alive. As for their comrades who have to come to land, they will be forwarded, when able to move, to Irkutsk, up the river, and money and comforts are on the way to meet them. The best that can be expected is that the greater portion of the brave and skilful American crew put on board the Jeannette will have been saved, while if, as may be, the ship has achieved any discoveries of importance, they will have been purchased at a bitter price.

THE JEANNETTE

was a three-masted steamer of about 500 tons burden, and the same vessel which, as the Pandora, under command of Sir Allen Young, followed the

expedition of Sir George Nares to bring news. She was prepared for this calamitous voyage by Mr. Bennett, at an expense of nearly

SEVENTY THOUSAND POUNDS.

So skilfully was she strengthened, internally and externally, for fighting the ice, that Mr. Bennett and his friends believed her, until this news arrived, to be proof against the worst nip that could be experienced. When, however, the fogs came suddenly together by a strong current or severe storm, they crush and pulverise the thickest ice-edges and pile up great masses larger and heavier than the biggest ships. No craft that can be built will stand such a pinch, unless it takes her under the bilge and lifts her out of the danger. The orders given by Mr. Bennett to his commander have not been published, but there is little doubt as to their nature. Captain De Long was to enter the Arctic regions by Behring's Straits, to keep westward and northward, along the coast of Eastern Siberia, availing himself of any opportunity which the land lines and an open ocean might present for dashing in the direction of the North Pole. The Jeannette

LEFT SAN FRANCISCO

on July 8, 1879, and was sighted on Sept. 3 of the same year steaming towards Wrangel Land. It had been hoped that, by following the coast thus named, its trend might help a sledge expedition towards the Pole from the highest point reached by



A CHRISTMAS SOUVENIR: "HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING!"

[SEE POEM BY GEORGE R. SIMS.]

the ship; but a subsequent visit to Wrangel Land proved it to be an island offering no facilities of the kind anticipated. Three vessels were sent to look for the Jeannette, when her long absence began to be alarming. The United States Government dispatched two steamers, the Rodgers and the Corwin, to search for her by Behring's Straits, and the Alliance went forth this year by way of Spitzbergen to see if she might be coming round in that direction. It is natural that the heroic survivors of this broken enterprise should keep what geographical secrets they possess for their employer's service, but it seems that the Jeannette, in attempting to gain a very high latitude, was caught early in the Polar pack, and crushed when it broke up about midsummer of this year.

PROFESSOR NORDENSKJÖLD

has triumphantly proved in the Vega that the way is open in good seasons, and with careful navigation from Behring's Straits to Spitzbergen and further. The Jeannette might, perhaps, have reversed her course with success, but she was trying, we presume, a more brilliant game, and was caught half-way along the Siberian coast, probably at a considerable distance from it. How long the explorers drifted in the pack, and what hopes were frustrated when it closed upon them, we shall by-and-by know. The story of the Jeannette, which is sure to reflect glory on the American flag and honour on the enterprise of the American press, will not be buried in the mystery of the still invisible Pole. But what occupies all generous minds at present is the thought of the sufferings which must have been borne by those gallant men who strove to long and so hard to win the scientific distinction which was the object of their enterprising patron.

This great disaster cannot but attract now attention to the stake which our own country has at present in the same cold and cruel regions.

MR. LEIGH SMITH

is at this moment lost from sight and knowledge on board his steam-veiled, the *Frisa*, and an anxious reputation from the Royal Geographical Society urged upon Lord Northbrook last Tuesday the necessity of sending in search and succour of him next season. From his own private fortune Mr. Leigh Smith has contributed largely to the cause of Arctic discovery. An intrepid voyager and navigator, he has deserved that the country should do what it can for one who has done so much to keep up our splendid credit in the North waters. If it be true that he intended to have returned this autumn, and that he is stored and provisioned only until next August, the position of our brave countryman is clearly one of much peril. Could it be fairly well known where he is likely to be wintering, and in what direction he would endeavour to escape on the opening of the ice, there ought not to be any hesitation on the part of the Government in preparing to dispatch a relief vessel as early as possible next spring. It was the intention of Mr. James Bennett to have sent another expedition in search of the Jeannette at the first opportunity. His arrangements were made, and no necessary expense would have been spared. Probably Professor Nordenskjöld might himself have commanded the expedition. While journalistic enterprises, which have given to science such splendid gifts, in our day can display this energy and liberality, it would be simply disgraceful were the Government of Great Britain to allow one of the most gallant of British discoverers to perish of want of a vote of money which the House of Commons would so cheerfully grant. If the failure of the American expedition leaves the Blue Ribbon of the Arctic Circle still

A PRIZE FOR THE BOLDEST AND LUCKIEST FLAG.

the free expenditure of funds by this famous American editor in the cause of geographical science forbids her Majesty's Cabinet to show themselves parsimonious. With no genuine a patriot as

MR. GLADSTONE AS PRIME MINISTER.

we have no doubt that this great problem will receive the most public-spirited consideration at the hands of her Majesty's Government.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

The church is quaint, and carved, and olden;

The sunlight streams in wavelets golden,

This Christmas morn,

Through stained-glass scenes from Bible stories,

On ancient lights whose sculptured glories

The aisle adorn.

The rays are shed in chastened splendour

On many a dead and gone defender

Of Church and Crown;

On Lancelot, the brave Crusader,

And Guy who slew the French invader,

And saved a town.

The manor lords in line unbroken

Rest here begirt with sign and token

Of ages past;
And dames and maidens, proud and stately,
Lie here with folded hands sedately,
And eyes shut fast.

Among their tombs the sunlight lingers,
Then hails between the anthem-singers,
And warblers grim.

For there, 'midst many a wailful woe,
Fair children sing the song angelic,
Christ's birthday hymn.

In ro'rie wrapt, I pause and listen,
I watch the darting sunbeams glisten

On floor and wall;

Then pass from dead to living graces,
And on the children's happy faces

In splendour fall.

This song of peace—these gentle voices,
These glad young hearts that life rejoices,
My fancy thought,

Are dearer homeward to the Master

Than all the Church's foes' disaster

These dead knights wrought.

Gone are the days of gloom and error,
Love's sceptre breaks the rod of terror

In our fair isle.

And as the children sing His message

Of Peace on earth the joyful message,

They win God's smile.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

IN SIGHT OF HOME.

The mistletoe hangs near the sea-iced sails, and
the waves as they follow us, fleck'd with foam,
Are bearing a vessel from sea to shore, and a dozen
brave hearts to their Christmas home.

Storms and tempests have left behind with the roar and
rock of the endless tide,

That specks the sea to his mother's arms, and the
sailor's heart to his destined bride.

There's an answer true to the midnight pray'r, and
a prospect bright for the daylight hope:

Give it her, boys! for the wind is true! clear the deck
and get ready the rope!

Do you see that speck of an island there, the old
white cliffs, and the flag that's free,

Fluttered and fretted by favouring breezes that signals
home to the ships at sea?

Fortune and fate, we have followed them both in the
hammock below and before the mast;

But it's over now, the journey's done, and the weary
mariner's home at last!

What shall we find when we reach the shore, with
Christmas hearts and the bells in tune?

Will love be true as December frost, or ickie and fall
like the rose in June?

Will hands be warm as our beating hearts, or home
a strike cold as the changing wave;

Shall we sigh, my lads, when the door is closed, or
seek in sorrow a new-made grave?

Will the wife be the same as we saw her last, kissing
her hand as the sun went down,

And the vessel was lost in a haze of mist, and the
lights grew less of the dear old town?

We have been out to the far-off lands—the burning
tropics, the blinding snows—

And they have been snug and secure at home, pray-
ing, forgetting—well, goodness knows!

A minute more, and the doubt's at rest of lover and
father, of false and free;

Steer hard, my lads, for the harbour-bar that
separates home from the ships at sea!

It doesn't look well to be down in luck, when the
Christmas bells in the frosty air

Are filling the world with a sound goodwill, and
fighting less of the dear old town?

But I recall such a morn as this, when we'd hung the
mistletoe made for love,

Secure in the topmost spars, up there, and the flut-
tering ensign way'd above.

We had sailed to port on a Christmas morn to greet
the woman that each lov'd best;

They filled my arms with a baby boy and said my
mother had gone to rest,

And down to the vessel they raced—but one, she sank
with it, well on her bent knee,

For we told the lass, as our tears ran down, we had
buried our mate in the sea, salt sea.

There are sorrows and smiles in a sailor's life, there
are husbands lost and children born

To those who watch and to those who wait, when the
ship sails home on a Christmas morn!

But cheer, my lads, as we shorten sail; put the little
one quick in my arms to take

A mistletoe kiss from the lips of land, and give us
some luck for the sailor's sake.

The dripping garments of sailors saved were the
votive gifts in the days of Rome;

Let ours be hope, and a sailor's prayer, when
Christmas comes with a sight of home!

CLEMENT SCOTT.

A WOMAN who has four sons, all sailors, compares
herself with a year, because she has four sea-sons.

Chat of the Gossips.

["WHAT THE WORLD SAYS."]



His MASTERY intends staying in the country a few weeks at Osborne, but I understand that no definite date has at present been fixed for her departure. Considering the time of the year, the Royal demesne looks uncommonly attractive, and the Queen will visit various parts of the southern garden of Eden before leaving her pleasant winter resort.

Quietly and unobtrusively, her Majesty is extending her Christmas benefactions in the vicinity of Osborne; and there is a rumour afloat—whether it is authentic or not—that the First Lady of the land is preparing for private publication an interesting volume.

The report that the Prince and Princess of Wales meditate a visit to Denmark next summer does not seem to excite Copenhagen much. The Princess still continues the favourite daughter of the Royal House, and the Prince is not disliked by the few people who know him.

Mrs. Langtry is to appear as Miss Harlequin in "She Stoops to Conquer" at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, on Tuesday morning, Jan. 3.

Mrs. Modjeska will join the Haymarket company in the spring, and will make her appearance, under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, in the adaptation of Sardou's "Odette." She is now fulfilling an engagement at the Imperial Theatre, Warsaw.

Since Mr. Murray Morris and Delano, while both young men, ruled the Times successfully, there have been few instances of so young a man as Mr. Whitlaw Reid conducting a great popular journal like the *New York Tribune*. The brilliant Ohioan, as natives of the Buckeye State love to call themselves, is now forty-three years old, and has edited the *Tribune* for a dozen years past. Mr. Whitlaw Reid, who has recently been enjoying his wedding tour in Europe, dwells in a brown-stone house, No. 27, Lexington-avenue, New York.

In the death of Mr. Grenville Murray the educated public will recognise and regret the loss of perhaps the most brilliant and original of English journalists; for himself (writes Mr. Edmund Yates), I not only join in this lament, but I have to deplore a former colleague and a partner with me in the fortunes of this journal during the first six months of its career.

The American stage is in imminent danger of losing two of its best-known and most widely-admired artists in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, who are equally popular in this country. It is known that the President is not unfriendly to him; and what Mr. Florence, who has acquired an independence, aims at is the position of Charge d'Affaires, or Consul-General, in Switzerland, Denmark, or Sweden.

For the benefit of his health, and in order to devote himself quietly to a new work, Arthur Sullivan left on Wednesday, Dec. 21, for Paris, en route for Cairo and other points of Egypt, where intends spending the winter. On his return we may expect some pyramidal success.

The Leslie Choir will be revived for one big concert this summer, under the direction of Mr. Randerger.

When Cetewayo arrives in England he will be placed under the charge of two officers, who will endeavour to prevent him falling into the hands of indiscreet enthusiasts. The Zulu King will be the lion of the season; but there is considerable danger that he may be spoiled by the attentions and flatteries which will be bestowed upon him.

There have been other merry-makings at Portsmouth. Admiral Ryder has given a grand ball at his official residence, and there was a gay "paying-off" dinner on board of the Minotaur. Twelfth-night will be celebrated in the gayest garb in England by a fancy-dress ball at the Assembly Rooms.

Mr. Sims Reeves, who fairly broke down in his final provincial tour, has, I am glad to hear, found the same benefit from the bracing Blackpool breezes, although they have been rather "big" breezes lately, that has always followed a rest at his favourite watering-place.

Mr. John Jameson, the celebrated distiller of Irish whisky, died last week in Dublin, aged seventy-eight.

Alas, alas! from us has gone

The Barley King, John Jameson!

The man is dead, but still survives

The spirit sent to cheer our lives.

THE LEADING LONDON PANTOMIMES.

"ROBINSON CRUSOE" AT OLD DRURY.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, spirited lessee and manager of Drury Lane Theatre, relied upon "Robinson Crusoe" as his Boxing-Night attraction. The "book of the words" was by the evergreen Mr. E. L. Blanchard. As a magnificent stage show, "Robinson Crusoe" has hardly its equal. All succeeds ballet in varied splendour of gold and silver, of rich colour, harmoniously blended, and of movement skilfully directed and controlled. One dance alone, an infants' hornpipe performed by Madame Katti Lanner's tiny pupils, will attract half London to see it, delighting its spectators not only by the perfection of its execution, but by the hearty childlike glee with which the bright, chubby little players enter into the spirit of their task. A double panorama of the "Thames, by which the voyage of Crusoe's ship down the river is ingeniously suggested, carries out so happily a clever idea that it is sure to become the talk of the town. To describe the means by which we in the company of Crusoe are made to feel ourselves "copping" with the liding all towards the sea would require more than the effect which must literally be seen to be appreciated. The painting of this scene, or series of scenes, by Mr. Emden, shows art of a kind rarely displayed in such ventures. Then, again, opportunity is taken of Crusoe's encounters with the savages. A very glorified version, as may be imagined, of poor Friday's rescue—for a war dance of aborigines on a wonderfully elaborate scale. The wonder that so many people can get on the stage, and that when in a subsequent scene a trades' procession still more extensive in its proportion takes place. Here Mr. Alfred Thompson's prolific invention must have been tried to the utmost. There is also the ballet of silver fish in which gaudies are freely used to cause an almost dazzling result. And, of course, before Mr. Harry Payne, as clown, comes on to wish us the compliments of the season there is a transformation-scene, in the course of which a gigantic wedding-cake is employed to produce something less than the tremendous indignation which it suggests. As a show, in fact, "Robinson Crusoe" could not well be improved, and no room seems to have been left for any increased expenditure of taste or money. Miss Emily Leslie and Miss Woodville, and Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. Henry Jackson are all very clever people in their way. Mr. Roberts has some broad "business" for Mrs. Crusoe in her bed-room, which seems wholly out of place. And Mr. Nicholls and Mr. E. W. Evans—the one as Will Atkins, and the other as the father of Crusoe's sweetheart—seem, judging from the printed book, to take license to say what they like. As the hero, Miss Fanny Leslie is sprightly, and works like Mary Annala, with untiring vigour. But most laughter was elicited by Mr. C. Lauri through his excellent mimicry as Friday, and by the representatives of the monster tabby and pug-dog which accompany Crusoe to his island. The most successful acts in the evening were those which called forth the refrain, "I'll tell your mother what you're done," and "We are a merry family, we are." The Drury Lane pantomime this year is eminently one to be seen, and visitors will not omit to stop to see the statue ballet in the Harlequinade.

"LITTLE BO-PEEP" AT COVENT GARDEN.

The pantomime at this house is entitled "Little Bo-Peep, Little Boy Blue, and the Little Old Woman that Lived in a Shoe," the three nursery stories being blended together by Mr. William Young, who, besides being the author of the work is manager, and is likewise his own stage manager; Mr. Crow being nominal Director of the joint-stock enterprise. Here the repertory of the music-halls has been rejected in favour of music of a higher class, and the children's scenes are capital. Indeed, the scene of the Village of Content is one of the most admirably arranged things of the sort that the metropolitan stage has seen. The farm is stocked with real geese, real cocks and hens, ducks, and so forth, the child farm-labourers in the most business-like manner set about the work of the day, while real carts, drawn by real donkeys and carrying real hay, march across the stage. A series of dances for child pageants, soldiers, sailors, black-and-whites, hunters, and swells, were admirably sung by their work by Mr. J. Jenkinson. The whole of the music of this scene was composed by Mr. John Ross, of Harrow, whose "Songs for Children" are among the best-known items of the musical literature of the day. It is rare that such music is to be heard in pantomimes, but the audience at once recognised its beauty and applauded it heartily. The children's scene over, Little Boy Blue enters, followed by the Little Bo-Peep, who in the prettiest possible manner leads in a flock of real sheep. There is a love scene between the young couple, and some funny business between the Grays and her boys, a capital drilling scene, and so on until Bo-Peep, having lost her sheep, reclines on a grassy bank and has a vision of fairy land. This scene is well worthy the celebrity of Mr. W. Tobin, its painter. Its style is classical, but its severity is relieved by the soft water in the foreground. There follows a long ballet, in which adults and juvenile corymbes, clad in the most novel and daintiest of costumes, representing various flowers, disport themselves, the scene being remarkable for the beauty of the groupings and its general

good taste. The action rather flags until the "Little Old Woman who lived in a Shoe" is introduced. The show is a large one, and when it opens displaying all the sleeping looks of the dame's numerous progeny, it fills the entire stage. Here are introduced the most wonderful acrobatic feats by the Girard family. The next important scene is that described by the author as "Incubation," in the Reptile Hall. Gigantic columns, round which serpents cling, all the sages, and ballerines in strange dresses, some in costumes almost Egyptian in character, others as gnomes and sprites, the whole described by the author as "Incubation," in the Reptile Hall. The stage is crowded with the ordinary ballet, when a fresh ballet of children enter and perform some evolutions. Many remained to see Mr. Charles Brew's grand transformation, and the harlequinade. The programme contained the list of forty-five artists, all of whom exerted themselves to their utmost. Special praise is due to the Girard family, to Miss Clara Thompson and N. Claremont, who played Little Boy Blue, the Granny; to Mr. Bennett, the Johnny Stout; and also to Mr. Meham, who in the dumb part of a farm dog introduced almost the only original business of the evening. The gentleman, "Wilhelm," who designed the costumes, and M. Dewinne, who arranged the ballets, likewise merit and will receive congratulation. Considering the decision to produce a pantomime here was made at the last moment, wonders have been done at Covent Garden by Mr. Crow.

SANGERS' GRAND PANTOMIME.

Mr. H. Spry's Christmas pantomime, entitled "The Good Little Boy, or the Voyage to the Island of Pearls," attracted an enormous concourse to Sangers' Amphitheatre. During the recent recess substantial alterations have been made, and clever and conservative facilities of great taste than those that have previously been in existence, and the theatre is now well ventilated in every part. All the resources of the establishment of Messrs. Sanger have been brought to bear upon this pantomime in order to make it one of the most successful ever produced at this house. Horses and ponies by the score and by the hundred, the tiny hosts of the Lilliputian army, the Circassian ladies in Oriental costume, the staff-bearers in attendances on the Beasts, the followers of the ladies in riding on Fatima, the camels, the drummers, the elephants, all combine to make up a most attractive spectacle, which, in spite of fun, a well-arranged ballet, varied scenery, and plenty of music, cannot but be one of the most popular pantomimes of the season.

"SINDBAD" AT THE STANDARD.

Almost as soon as the audience had left the theatre on Boxing afternoon a second one, bent on seeing the pantomime of "Sindbad the Sailor," began to gather round the doors; and when these had been opened for the evening performance the house was crowded with the rapidity of a transformation-scene. If the appointments are not so sumptuous as are sometimes seen, the piece has a more valuable recommendation. Its action never flags, and one does not wonder at the success that the author, Mr. J. Douglas, has written the pantomimes of this house for the last twenty years. In the rollicking fun of the piece, Mr. John Jamum and Mr. Augustus Glover distinguish themselves. The music, composed, selected, and arranged by Mr. W. Corrie, is very pleasing, and is well and being chiefly intrusted to Mr. H. Nordblom, Miss Lucy Millais, Miss Missy Howes, and Miss Rose Lee. Perhaps the most successful scene is one where a steamer of considerable size, its deck crowded with sailors, its paddles revolving, its funnel giving out real steam, and its land-board and starboard lights burning, rescues Sindbad and his companions; but the funniest bit was when Coppernick in his boat unexpectedly found an island scene between himself and the steamer. Loud laughter greeted this accident. Allusions to recent events are not wanting. The transformation-scene and the harlequinade, in which Little Ellis, Mr. Wallis, and Mr. Westbourne, and Miss Carrie Conway appeared, are worthy of the rest of the piece.

"I'VE WRITTEN A NEW POEM," said an aesthetic author, addressing a young lady noted for her wit and beauty (and rose, it was Mrs. Langtry). "Indeed; and what is its title?" she asked. "Before the dawn," said he. "Keep it dark," was her crushing rejoinder.

BRATTLEFISH TREAT.—The Howenden Tooth-Paste, compounded from the most approved dental simples of the Pharmacopoeia. Rose flavour. The cheapest, most efficacious, and most pleasant tooth-paste. Price 1s. 6d. per box. All Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale of R. Howenden and Sons, London. Sample post-free 15 penny stamps.—(Advrt.)

SAFETY.—The History of Mankind convinces us that diseases are in reality stepping-stones for higher progress. To prevent disastrous diseases from poisoning blood we use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. No one can have a strong and more efficient remedy. By its use the poison is thrown off, and the blood restored to its healthy condition by natural means. It is used by Fruit Salt freely in my last attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life.—J. C. Eno, Hatched Fruit Salt Works, S.E. Caution.—Examine each bottle, and see the capsule is marked "Eno's Fruit Salt." Without it, you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation. Price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. Sold by all Chemists.—(Advrt.)

STAGE AND ORCHESTRA GOSSIP.

THE CHRISTMAS EXTREME.—At the Garrison Theatre of Woodwich was on Box. The play was before an overflowing audience of the military, their families, and friends. The pantomime, produced under the special direction of Captain Curtis, Royal Artillery, was "The Little Boy Blue and the Little Boy Blue." The band of the Royal Artillery supplied the orchestra.

A PAISO OCCURRED at the Nimes Theatre last Saturday. Some gas that was escaping suddenly ignited, but it was promptly cut off, the house being at the same time plunged in darkness. The audience, seriously alarmed, hurried away, but order was soon restored on an explanation being given of the true character of the accident.

A FIRO OCCURRED in the Gallery during the performance of a circus at Bradford on Boxing Night, and an alarm of fire was raised. A panic took place, there was a rush from the place, and several persons were badly injured, two women having their legs broken.

THE PROVINCIAL PANTOMIMES are again of great merit. LIVERPOOL, has a magnificent spectacle in "Whittington and His Cat" at the Alexandra, and "Aldin" at the Prince of Wales; and "The Babes in the Wood," the Bude Court pantomime, is also a success.

MANCHESTER has a "Little Bo-Peep" as well as London; and the "Royal" pantomime is a great hit. The Prince's is going well with "Robinson Crusoe," and the Queen's with "Aldin."

MR. J. F. M'ARDLE, who has done yeoman's service at Liverpool, has written "Beauty and the Beast" for the Newcastle Theatre Royal; and Mr. William Young, the pantomime of "Bo-Peep" for the Tyne Theatre.

BRADFORD relishes "The Forty Thieves," and the clowning of Mr. W. H. Harvey.

BRIGHTON has in "Whittington" a capital pantomime, uncommonly well cast.

BRIGHTON finds Mr. Wm. Young again to the fore with "Aldin."

MR. W. EDWIN BARRETT is bound to net some thousands with "Robinson Crusoe," at Hull, and "Little Red Riding Hood," at the Grand, Leeds.

MISS FRANK GRAY provides the holiday fare for the Mansouth Theatre, in conjunction with Mr. P. J. Clay.

BIRMINGHAM rejoices in "Beauty and the Beast" at the Royal, and "Blue Bird" at the Prince of Wales's.

"THE WORLD" is being played at the Princess's, Edinburgh. "Whittington" is a true subject of the Royal pantomime.

MR. HERMAN MERIVALE's new play, originally entitled "The Modern Faust," is to be called "The Cynic, being a shadow of an attempt to live in life."

"THE SQUIRE" by Mr. PINERO, was postponed a week later than was at first announced at the St. James's.

THE COSMOPOLITE THEATRE in Holborn was offered for sale at the Auction Mart on Tuesday last. A bid of £400 was made, but the auctioneer declined to say whether it was a genuine one. The property was subsequently withdrawn. During the week the Polytechnic has seen sold the young Men's Christian Institute.

CONUNDRUMS FOR NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

WHAT'S the difference between your great-coat and a baby?—One you wear, and the other you wash. If you were obliged to swallow a man, whom would you prefer to swallow?—A little London porter.

WHAT WIND does a hungry sailor like best?—One that blows foul, then chops, and then comes in little puffs.

WHAT is the difference between a bee and a donkey?—One has the honey and the other has the whacks.

WHY is England richer on its shores than any other country?—Because it has a Deal on its coast that no other country can boast of.—N.B. This was concocted before the Deal bribery cases were heard.

WHY are the makers of the Art Armstrong guns the greatest thieves in her Majesty's service?—Because they rifle all the guns, forge the materials, and steal all the gun-breechings.

FIRE AT RICHMOND RAILWAY STATION.—At about three o'clock last Sunday morning a fire was discovered in one of the grain warehouses of the Lancashire and North Yorkshire Railway at Richmond. The fire raged with fury until six o'clock. The building was completely gutted. Two policemen were injured, one—Police-Constable Pyle seriously. The damage was estimated at £100,000.

CANNIBALISM.—When the last mail left Queensland the boat which had been sent from Cooktown to inform Mr. Watson of the supposed murder of his wife, and child by blacker Lizard Island had returned. It was discovered that Mrs. Watson had remained at the station with her child and two Chinamen, and all had doubtless been murdered, the natives at the camp at Murdoch Point admitted to the inspector having killed and eaten the Chinamen, but they denied any knowledge of Mrs. Watson and her child.

HAIR IS YOUR HONOUR.—LAMPSON'S EYE-BALM. SALT.—The cure in Smallpox, Erysipelas, Skin Disease, or Bilious Stomach. Sold by Chemists, and only Messrs. H. Lambough, 113, Holborn Hill, London, E.C.—(Advrt.)

There is nothing so sustaining in cold weather as a cup of pure Cocoa, such as CAPTAIN'S COCOA. BEAUTY is the strength of the best mixtures sold as Cocoa.—(Advrt.)

AS Asthma, Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Shortness of Breath, Pleurisy, Pains in the Chest, Rheumatism, Dr. Locock's PULMONIC WAFERS give instant relief a rapid cure, and taste pleasant.

FRANK BRANDY.—Under this name the finest aromatic chemical compounds are sold, many containing no juice of the cherry whatever. If a genuine article is desired, insist upon having "GRANT'S" Brandy. It is a delicious combination of the purest of the Morella Cherry and Cognac Brandy. Excellent with a biscuit, and with hot water or with aerated waters. Sold in bottles by all Wine Merchants and Hotel Keepers, and on draught at all Bars and Restaurants. Manufacturer: Thomas Grant, Distiller, Maidstone, Kent.—(Advrt.)



SCENES FROM THE COVENT-GARDEN AND DRURY-LANE PANTOMIMES: "Little Bo-Peep" and "Robinson Crusoe."—[See "The Playgoer."]



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Old-Year Quips.

A CLERGYMAN was forced to say to a congregation that persisted in depositing buttons in the contribution-box, "Brethren who wish to contribute buttons will please not hammer down the eyes, for while that process does not increase their value coin, it does impair their usefulness as buttons."



THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE OLD YEAR: "NEARING HOME."



An absence that is felt: Beaconsfield's -



Royal kiss under the Mistletoe



How to extinguish Parliamentary Obstruction



Good bye Mother Shipton!

THE SHOWMAN'S PANTOMIME

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—
Here we are again! How do you like London? A Happy New Year to all! And every other Grimaldian good wish of the season! For, ye see,

A Boxing Day Young Man,
A Clown in motley Young Man,
A Drury Lanery,
Covent Garden,
Harlequinade Young Man!

in accordance with time-honoured custom, I have for the nonce renounced the poms and vanities of the SHOWMAN'S evening dress, and appear before ye (to a familiar tune from "Patience") as

Thank ye kindly for joining so heartily in the chorus, Ladies and Gentlemen. That's the sort of jolly, musical accompaniment I should have liked to hear more general at the Covent Garden and Drury Lane Pantomimes. More rollicking fun, and less twaddle; more real humour, and less brilliant boredom: that's what we want at a Pantomime! See how we have to compress in this Show, Messieurs Crowe and Harris! Why, we couldn't tackle a hundredth part of the topics of the day if we allowed ourselves a tithe of your librettists' prolixity! Lighten your stage ships, gentlemen, and your Holiday Argosies will sail into port laden with golden freights yet!

What is the first face in our pantomimic panoramas? Ah, 'tis a face that has been sadly missed in this Show, for hardly a week used to pass by that we didn't have a tilt at Lord Beaconsfield.

genuine system.—Prepared only by W. LAMBERT, 173, Seymour-place, London, W., in Boxes, 1s. 1st and 3s. 9d.; or, post-free, 1s or 3s stamps; and sold everywhere. The genuine are in a square green package.

